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Brooklyn, Sept. 12, 1835.

My dear George:

I have concluded to abide under the family roof until you come — that is to say, until Saturday next and a few subsequent days. It will greatly refresh my spirit to see your countenance and hear your voice once more.

Rumor is very busy in disposing of the persons of abolitionists. One day, she sends Arthur and Lewis Tappan across the Atlantic as fast as the winds and waves can carry them. On the next, she puts <sup>you</sup> into Providence jail, at the suggestion of your friends, for safe keeping from your enemies. Thompson she transports to Pittsburgh; and she says I am here because I dare not go back to Boston. It is thus we relieve the tediousness and monotony of those who have nothing to do but to scandalize and gossip.

I have just received a letter from brother May, written immediately after his meeting was broken up by a shower of brick-bats, &c. in Haverhill. By the tone of it you would suppose he had done something better than making a fortune. He manifests a lofty spirit and indomitable courage.



Our brother Thompson had a narrow escape from the mob at Concord, and Whittier was pelted with mud and stones, but he escaped bodily damage. His soul, being intangible, laughed at the salutation.

That some of us will be assassinated or abducted, seems more than probable — but there is much apparent, ~~without~~ any real danger. There is a whole eternity of consolation in this assurance — he who loses his life for Christ's sake shall find it. "To die is gain."

"The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point."

Angelina E. Grinke, sister of the lamented Grinke, ~~has~~ sent me a soul-thrilling epistle, in which, with a spirit worthy of the best days of martyrdom, she says — "A hope gleams across my mind, that our blood will be spilt, instead of the slaveholders'; our lives will be taken, and theirs spared." Is not this Christ-like?

The southern clergy are openly abandoning their God, and bowing down to Satan, the prince of men-stealers. They are indeed "greedy dogs, and dumb dogs that cannot bark," except at abolitionists. They will not frighten you, nor

Your brother,

W. L. G.







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Mr. George W. Benson,

Providence,

R. I.